

This is a vertical, high-contrast black and white image. The left side shows a textured, possibly metallic or paper-like surface with some faint, illegible markings. The right side is dominated by a bright, circular highlight, which appears to be a reflection or a light source. The overall image is very dark and grainy, with a vertical orientation.



L. VIII—WHOLE

ORIGINAL

TO _____

food inclusive dream is
 and thou art also one,
 some love was all too fra-
 gile drop in the sun.
 never more my heart
 to aught of human mo-
 de than affection's cor-
 and I've like these grow-
 g—thy should I move
 When every hope is gone
 thy cheerless brow; and
 why should I still deplor-
 his rain—but cannot

ly soul will yet repine.

... wert my all of joy in
... its boisterous sea
... peril, sorrow, pain
... trust was firm in the
... faithful friendship's

every hour of need.

TO A SIGH!
Go, tender sigh!
Soft pinions to the er

art, once joyful, now ha-

Tell her, thy birth
 'm'd by Hope amid its
 And usher'd forth

For O! the heart

And not impart
 A desire—one feeling more
 And, obdurate,—were, to
 ... that the

She cannot know

And the¹ thy voice
and trembling, as the
From evening sh²
't may wake some lin³
from Affliction's sources,
Go, then, sweet
thy soft pious to the e
And tell her why
art, once joyful, now h
thoughts, once pleasing, w
ch, 1823.

LINES

soft, refreshing, tepid

that bids despair her arm
that checks affliction's tears
that bids the wound of

and bids the rending soul

ing to rest distrust and
ft Pity's kind and holy
et not that Pity form'd
pung which bids afflict
st Pity that can taunt
superior pride untouch'd
ot pity, that with laugh
nsoles—and murders a
st Pity which is form'd
the bond of faith—the t

TO —

WITH THE FLOWERS, F
Forget-me-not!" we part
withered hopes and b
leav'd me here alone
truth we plight—no tea
these fleeting drops fall o'
at ours—a deeper grief—
you ask'd a pledge to sa
his brief yet bitter agony
I still believe that Em

no picture to thy vain car
jewelled ring. His saint

his bed, the floral emblems
of faith triumphant o'er doubt,
his take—it breathes love
Turkish lovers talk in the
that loveliest language still
amid we then in summer
so sweet as Venus' dew;
love's blushing type—how
speak gay hearts—how

'tis quench'd th' illusive
now sudden'd breast and

ould friends and sickle
be thought to thin, wh
One house, fire in con

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